

# Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

VOL. XIV.

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

Published Tuesdays and Fridays

—42—

52 PIER ANNUM, CASIL.

It is understood that \$1.50 will be expected and demanded.

W. P. WALTON.

GEO. O. BARNES.

Praise the Lord. God is Love and Nothing Else."

(We have several letters from New Zealand yet on file, but give this first, as it is of more immediate and special interest.)

San Francisco, Cal., June 21, 1886.

1 FIFTH STREET, cor. Market.)

DEAR INTERIOR:—I had that I am the subject of a double illusion since landing on my native shore. The first is this: I seem to be only a little way from Kentucky. Twenty-five hundred miles and the greater part of the breadth of a continent seem most trifling distances now that I am upon the terra firma called after the name of that upon which I was born. While oceans rolled between my country and our little troupe the sense of immeasurable distance was upon me. To have announced to me, believing it, that I was millions of miles away from my native land, instead of ten thousand, would not have increased my apprehension of far remoteness in any appreciable degree. But as soon as we touched land, nay, as soon as we stepped into the "Golden Gate" and I saw with my own eyes the lights of "Frisco," I seemed already to have arrived at home, in such an illusive sense that it seemed only a little way beyond Telegraph Hill. And that curious feeling has not left me yet. I know that it will take five days hard running with the best of engines and the biggest of driving wheels to cover the distance. That is a hard fact. And the figures of measurement mounting to the 25,000 aforesaid I am also familiar with. But they weigh not a jot, except as intellectual convictions, which yet produce little or no impression upon the inner man—still persisting in thinking that "my old Kentucky home" is not "far away," but just at hand not farther off than Pink Cottage from Stanford; or just over the hill. It is a very funny illusion and I don't quite understand the method of the interior workings of mind and spirit on the subject. Perhaps my readers have some better idea than I have. Perhaps a few will read and shake their heads and murmur, "There it is; another symptom of that insanity that I always predicted would overtake him. Here he is, talking lucidly as soon as he lands."

My second illusion is like to the first. I seem never to have been away; but the past three years seem like the distempered fancies of a sleeper, who has wakened to a knowledge that he has been dreaming.

For the rest, surely San Francisco seems as familiar already as Louisville or Chicago.

The dear LORD led me, on landing, straight to the best place we could have found in a month's search. How do I know He led me? Because He knows we wanted comfortable lodgings at moderate price, on arrival in a strange city. We trusted Him to guide us to the right place and He did it. Why should He not take a kindly interest in the comfort of His truest children, if He be a Father? To suppose Him such an August Being as to be above stooping to the little lives His earthly children are obliged to live every day, is to deny the very germinal thought of fatherhood known to every one who is a father, even among us "being evil." Are the little lives our little children lead beneath our high-mightinesses or no? Rather do we not dallight to stoop for love's sake to their level and enter ourselves into all their pleasures and pains, thus making them our own. "How much more" He, being "good," can thus condone?

So we have most comfortable, even elegant rooms in this 3-story house, full of apartments to let, and take our meals at a restaurant a few doors lower down the street. Surely the most care-free method of living for those who must needs forego the wants of home, and one's own house and grounds. Of course nothing in all Boreas can balance that. She can, at best, but offer feeble compensation that never can equal "home, sweet home!"

Our landlady is a lady, every inch, and comes from Louisville. Of course she was nearer than a mere landlady as soon as we found that out.

I can never tell you how much good the letters we found awaiting our arrival did us. O, blessed "cup of cold water," when the soul is athirst! Thou shalt never cease to bless, both giver or receiver, while eternal gas rolls.

We found kinsfolk too, after a diligent search in Oakland, across the harbor. Very dear, those who were left, but dearer still the one who had gone to God before we came. She who had nursed me in babyhood and ever been to me as a dear elder sister, true from first to last, had vanished from the dear family circle, where we had hoped to see her. Alas! And the first INTERIOR JOURNAL opened told us of the death of another sister, my brother Lyon's wife, saddening us all with the thought

that we should miss her also from the family gathering we are looking forward to.

Dear James Paxton, too! My early, lifelong, steadfast friend and brother. How keenly we will feel his absence! No better man ever lived in Lincoln county. And no one knew him better than his old pastor, who writes these few lines of loving remembrance. It will be a visit full of sadness to walk across fields from the Pink Cottage to his well remembered homestead and find no welcome from him who ever made us happy visitors at his hospitable hearth and table. I often think over the memorable past, and wonder what I should have done in those days of poverty, and trial had not this tried friend and truly church officer upheld my hands. I think he was as unselfish a character as I ever knew. And so quiet and unassuming withal. Dear Jim! I loved you truly in life; and I will remember you with unchanged affection dead; and it will be one of the many special joys of the blessed heaven to which you have preceded me, that I shall meet you there again in the glory of a fellowship, far beyond even the pleasant communion of earth. And those you have left behind shall be doubly dear henceforth, because they are your dear ones.

How do I like San Francisco? Very much indeed! Let me jot down a few first impressions before they grow so familiar that I will forget to notice them: I will tell you what first impressed me on landing. It was the charming courtesy with which every one I addressed tried to give me the fullest information on every subject concerning which my knowledge was defective. I suppose I asked 20 different men 20 different questions in my deplorable ignorance of nearly everything; and to their lasting honor be it said, no one of the 20 gave a gruff or uncivil answer; but on the contrary, every one of the 20 seemed honestly anxious to aid me as much as possible and smooth the way for my unpracticed feet. To one who had been secretly chafing at the reticence of honest John Bull for three years, this was a genuine treat. Perhaps J. B. in nothing appears to so great a disadvantage as when you want to get information of any kind from him. At best he is not a communicative person, and he seems to resent an inquisitive approach of any kind—even the most innocent—as an unwarranted intrusion upon his privacy. But whatever the reason, he who approaches an Englishman with a question meets with some sort of a rebuff in look, tone or actual word. The very same person, when it comes to helping you out of a scrape, or fighting for you, would do it most pluckily and stick to you till the last. Then perhaps growl at you again. The fact is J. B. is a standing enigma to me yet. I admire him greatly. At times I detest him heartily. And then again he inspires me with an affection for which I can not render a reason.

The second vivid impression of this New York of the Pacific was centered in the amazing working of the cable cars that Britons will call "trams" and we will not. These radiating lines of 5 cent accommodation for pleasantness of motion, fleetness, comfortable seats, polite conductors, and last, not least, astounding distances of transportation for the trifling "nickel" you pay for it—exceed any form of locomotion thirdly streets that I am acquainted with. The system is reduced to a science here as nowhere else. The grade, over hill after hill, in working out to the farthest suburbs, lock sometimes at an angle of 45 degrees, but going up or descending everything is under the most perfect control. The San Franciscans boast that no accident has ever marred this most successful invention for making street travel not only tolerable but delightful. The lines, with one exception, begin from the Oakland ferry, and radiate like the ribs of a fan, covering the area of the entire city. One cross line, far up, runs east and west, but horse-cars do the "cross-cut" business for the most part. It is one of the best cities to get easily and cheaply anywhere you want to go in the "round world."

The third thing that astounded me was to see so great a city built of wool. In the business portion of the city you will find block after block of elegant stone structures of modern growth; still alternating with the flimsy buildings of years long gone, that have not yet burned down. By and by all will be solid. But once get away from the flat, where business centers around the wharves and mount the hills that lie back, on every side then the stone or brick building is the exception and not the rule. Precisely wrought, architecturally, imposing often; but wood, wood, wood, in endless vistas of dwelling houses. Here and there a lofty stone edifice towers, like the mast of a ship, the millennium. But the brown stone of which it is built is brought from Connecticut. Dressed there and transported by rail! Can you believe that? It is even so. Fancy having to go 3,500 miles across a continent for building stone! San Francisco is a wonderful place for how windows. The famous Palace Hotel, the biggest in the world, is just a whole block of stories, mounting to 7 or 8, if I remember aright. Outside, it is just a series of columns of bow windows, that are not so pleasing to the eye as some styles of architecture I have seen, though for internal comfort I should think them most admirable. And this style has become so common here as to be characteristic of the city, and noticeable at once by a new comer. It might fairly be classified as the Pacific order of architecture.

STANFORD, KY., FRIDAY, JULY 2, 1886.

NO. 138.

MT. SALEM, LINCOLN COUNTY.

We have landed in the midst of strikes and strikers. The iron workers and the cigar makers are just now on the rampage. Last week the cooks and waiters struck, and we had quite a time, with many other hungry ones, roaming around in search of dinner. Happily the thing cured itself in less than 24 hours and the cooks gained the day. A city full can't afford to go hungry for long, while employers and employees are squabbling. For a few hours I think this strike was a subject of profound or general interest while it lasted than a revolt upon any other grievance in the whole calendar of human wrongs. What a touch stone for weal or woe the stomach is! How all-embracing is the gastric argument! Principia is a fine thing to argue about over apples and nuts. But the average man will say when right hungry, "Oh, bother your principle, I want my dinner!"

The eating-rooms are many, moderate in price and admirably well-kept. We fare well and cheaply at one called the Model Dining-Room. It deserves its name far more than the average restaurant.

I send you the newspaper reports of our first meeting in the Metropolitan Temple last night. My sudden exaltation to high military rank has not turned my head. If you will reprint the notice in the Examiner your readers will understand the allusion and the reporter's allusion. The meeting was fully up to if not beyond our expectations. Praise the LORD! We are to have another to night, which will be the week-night test.

The Hall is a noble one—seating 1,500. We met several Kentuckians after service. We all lunched at the Baldwin Hotel today with Dr. Chas. Fox and his good wife. He is from old Garrard and came to the Pacific coast many years ago. Ever in Janus, GEO. O. BARNES.

Adventures and Congressmen.

As a rule—nine times out of ten nearly—men are the aggressors in intrigues with women, but in Washington the case is reversed. Here women adventurers of all sorts pursue their prey until they catch them or run them to earth. They let no guilty man escape. The harvest is great and the laborers are—many. Congressmen are the shining marks of the siren's song. Often they throw themselves in the way of temptation and are as potter's clay in the clasp of the Cyprian, but frequently they are hunted down. Congressmen have certainly so much—\$5,000 per annum—ready cash, and what a few hundred dollars dumped in the whirligig of national dalliance to see the wheel go round?

Men who in their staid, providical communities walked a chaste line all their lives,

relax and become libertines and wine-bibbers under the seductive influence of the Capital. The members are courted for their influence in getting people into office, and in putting jobs through, in which the lobby luxuriates. Often have courtesans

determined the fate of a close vote by making men vote as they directed, or by keeping them away from roll call.

Speaking of these female snarers reminds me that a Kentucky Congressman was followed home by one of these intriguing hand-painted harlots of the temple a few years ago and almost ruined financially and politically. She landed in the town not long after he returned to his constituents, and, sending for him from the hotel, she made him put big money in her silken purse before she would give him a receipt and release. He put up the "ante" promptly, but it got out and cast a gloom over the entire community in the midst of which sat the saddened statesman like the old war horse among the ruins of Carthage. Another Kentuckian, now out of the delegation, but cropping and chewing the blue-grass and of political patronage in the grand old Commonwealth, got caught in a snare here with a soft eyed "hour" and was driven with some friends one night across one of the streams that link the capital to sea about the sequel which has come to light in many stories. He was of a contrite spirit and enlisted the sympathy of his friends, for some of them thought that were in all likelihood another stockholder or two in the concern and he was left with the bag to hold.

Without transcending the truth I can say that Kentucky will probably never have a "straight" delegation than she sends now. Taking the general average they stand exceedingly well in the community in which they reside, and newspaper men can afford to associate with them. There is not a State in the constellation of thirty-eight that can boast of a better-behaved lot of boys, taking them all in all. I don't mean to say that the millennium has come to town, but I am sizing 'em up in a lump and leaving out the weak flesh spots.

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Bank Stock!

I will sell at public auction at Stanford on Monday, July 8th, County Court day.

FIVE SHARES HUNSTONVILLE BANK STOCK.

H. T. BUSH.

DR. W. B. PENNY, Dentist, STANFORD, KY.

Office on Lancaster street, next door to INTERIOR JOURNAL office. Office hours from 8 to 12 A.M. and 1 to 5 P.M. Anesthetics administered when necessary. [184-tyr.]

G. B. HARRIS, Ag't

Wm. Deering & Co.'s Mowers, Binders and Reapers,

Crab Orchard, KY.

184-tyr.

Kirksville Fair!

We will hold our annual Fair on the

23d and 24th of July,

AT THE

Burnam Woods Grove,

Where it was held last year. For

A LIST OF PREMIUMS, &c.

Write for circulars.

J. P. EMERY, President.

J. B. WALKER, Secretary. 127-1d

BOURNE!

The editor is heart-broken to announce to his readers that Non D. Plumb, who wrote Mr. Bourne's funny advertisements, is dead. The large monies paid him for writing this column brought him to a position of the brain and he died of a stroke of apoplexy.

Mr. Bourne is determined, however, to give his customers the benefit of this large salary in prices. Besides selling

Medicines, Fancy Articles, Toilet Goods, Musical Merchandise, Spectacles, Instruments, Jewelry, Dolls, Lamps, Fishing Tackle, Razors, Sponges, Knives, Paper, Blank Books, States, Ammunition, Dye Stuffs, Glass, Mixed Paints, Brushes, Varnishes -

Meteorologists have found that there can be no thunder and lightning without rain. When thunder is heard beneath a clear sky the reports must either come from a distant cloud or be the result of some other cause than a discharge of electricity. Lightning or heat lightning is produced by a distant storm. Thunder seldom accompanies heat lightning, the sound reaching only about twelve miles, while lightning is often seen by reflection upon nearer clouds at a much greater distance.

After nineteen years of agitation, the eight-hour movement is pronounced a failure, not only by those who have carefully and impartially watched its movements, but among those who formerly were its most enthusiastic advocates. It has been fought out systematically, squarely, at the loss, as we predicted five months ago, of almost the entire work of what promised to be one of the most prosperous years this country has seen. [184-tyr.]

Newspaper men are always looking for new ideas to create a sensation with. Editor Coughlin, of Watertown, (N. Y.) Times has been beaten by a mad dog and declines to go to Paris to be treated by M. Pasteur. His newspaper will, if he is attacked by hydrophobia, publish the progress of the disease each day while the editor lasts. This will be quite a beat on his contemporaries, but it comes thick.

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Stanford, Ky., . . . . . July 2, 1886

W. P. WALTON.

EVERYBODY seems to love and respect a man who after having submitted his claims for a nomination to any specified method, yields to that arbitrament in a manly manner, even though he may think the fair thing has not been done by him. It is the case in that of our defeated townsmen and just now especially so with Judge Hazelrigg, who is receiving as many encomiums for withdrawing from a hold and pledging his support to his late opponent, as he had previously received condemnations. There is always a mean feeling towards a bolter whether he be the candidate himself or his most ardent supporter and the fact that a man has scratched a ticket or bolted a nomination, is assiduously worked against him whenever he becomes a candidate for any office in the gift of the party to which he owes allegiance. Such action is necessary for party organization and success, and the triumph of the party ought always to be paramount to the victory of any individual favorite. A democrat is always preferable to a republican and we hope and believe every true democrat will realize this when he comes to vote in August.

JUDGE HAZELRIGG, who announced himself a candidate for common pleas judge in the Richmond district, after being beaten in a primary by Mr. Scott, has very sensibly withdrawn and promised not only his own support but that of his friends to the nominee. It is mighty hard for a good democrat to go back on a nomination, no matter if he does believe that fraudulent means were resorted to in securing it. None of the means yet devised are absolutely fair, or so that unscrupulous men can not take advantage. Those who go into conventions or primaries know that both sides are ready to resort to any questionable means to secure the nomination of their favorite, and when both do as is usually the case, and the friends of one are a little more unscrupulous than the other and out-general them in a fight for advantage, and beat them at their own game, as it were, they should surrender and accept the result without murmuring.

BECAUSE Senators Logan and Evans voted against investigating the bribery alleged in Senator Payne's election, Halstead, the Cincinnati fire eater, has read them out of presidential probabilities. Says he: Republicans candidates for the presidency are not so numerous as they were two years and two months ago. Ex-President Arthur is a sick man, and sick or well has no political future. Senator Edmunds may secure his re-election to the Senate, but that is the utmost that can ever happen to him. Senator Evans seemed for a time a promising figure, and so did Senator Logan; but the two, since their vote for the coal-oil crowd of Ohio, have passed away, and if republicans should look into Illinois for a candidate for the Vice-Presidency, they are likely to take a note, first of all, of Gov. Ogleby. Logan and Evans have not only sinned, but they have stumbled and fallen.

It is announced that the reason Hon. Charles D. Jacob was recalled from Bogota, where he was serving the government as minister, was to explain a fight that he had with Dr. King, secretary of the legation. From all that can be learned the minister did right in giving the insolent fellow the pummeling that he did, though perhaps it was not exactly *au fait* for officials representing this great government in a foreign land to settle their difficulties with a fistful. Jacob is a fighter from away back and as he has cleaned out a mayor and a secretary all in one year, the Louisville Times very naturally infers that he has come home to do John Sullivan up.

THE chairman of the State Prohibition Executive Committee has issued an address in which he earnestly calls upon his alleged party to put candidates in the field for county and Congressional offices by the 15th of July and contend for every inch of ground from now on. By this it would seem that the offices are the consideration, to which the question of voting out the accustomed traffic is a secondary and very small matter. The Lincoln county prohibitionists show their sense by reversing this order of things. They want to see the whisky go no matter who gets the offices.

CAMPBELL county, the home of Thos. L. Jones, has endorsed Hon. A. S. Berry for governor. In other words, they ignored an elegant gentleman and a life long, true and tried democrat, to bolster up a time-serving demagogue, who stands about as much chance for being nominated governor as he does for President.

THE Louisville Commercial is independent only between election. When an office is to be filled it is for a republican every time.

—Prohibition went into effect at Atlanta yesterday.

—Hugh S. Thompson, of South Carolina, has been appointed assistant secretary of the Treasury.

—The democratic State convention of Arkansas nominated for governor S. P. Hughes and a full State ticket.

—J. A. S. Wilson, secretary and treasurer of the Chesapeake & Delaware Company, is a defaulter for more than a half million dollars.

—Gen. Jas. A. Beaver was unanimously nominated for governor of Pennsylvania by the republican State convention at Harrisburg yesterday. The platform is red-hot protection.

### NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

The public debt reduction for June will be about ten millions.

—Forty years ago last Friday the first game of base ball was played in the United States.

—Mr. Henry H. Skiles, of Warren, has announced himself a candidate for Congress in the Third District.

—The Niagato statue of Gen. Garfield is to be placed at the intersection of Eighth and Race streets, Cincinnati.

—The Knights of Honor celebration at Louisville was an imposing affair, more than 4,000 Knights participating.

—A. M. Bowling, the Rowan county murderer, has at last been landed in the Penitentiary to serve a term of 21 years.

—The Castileman Artillery at Lexington has disbanded because of alleged bad treatment by the adjutant general of its captain.

—The Senate has passed over the President's veto by a vote of 34 to 15, the bill to quit the titles of settlers on the Des Moines river lands.

—It is said that at a meeting in Washington of the Kentucky Congressmen it was agreed to boom Mr. Carlisle for the presidency.

—Malcom May, of Garrard, is in jail at Richmond for burglary committed in 1882. He is also wanted in Washington county for horse stealing.

—It is said that a cow bitten by a mad dog at Hebron, Ky., not only had the rabies herself, but communicated it to a baby that had been living on her milk.

—Ashley LaSalle, a tramp printer, who set up a job printing office at Paris, has decamped after marrying a pretty girl and getting all the cash and credit he could.

—Mr. Morrison says that Mr. Randall's tariff bill will increase custom receipts more than \$5,000,000, and decrease internal revenue receipts at least \$36,000,000.

—Capt. Payton, Commonwealth's Attorney in the Giagow District, had a fus with his hired man, Phil Hins, and they exchanged nine shots. Neither got a scratch.

—Free Tailbee's man Smith, W. E., has resigned his position of Assistant Secretary of the Treasury to become Solicitor of the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba railroad at St. Paul.

—Senator Beck introduced a bill to authorize the Postmaster General to appoint and remove third-class postmasters, who are now appointed and removed by the President.

—The Senate Committee has reduced in River and Harbor Bill the appropriation for Kentucky River \$150,000; Cumberland, \$50,000; Muscle Shoals, Tennessee River, \$100,000.

—The primaries of the Georgia Democratic State Convention that have been held give to Gen. Gordon 114 votes and to Maj. Bacon 60 votes. There is little doubt of Gordon's nomination.

—At the election held Monday in Washington Territory, prohibition was defeated by a majority of 1,030. All the large towns, except LaConner, Chehalis and Centralia, gave majorities against it.

—With the present adjournment, Judge Hines retires from the Chief Justiceship of the Court of Appeals, and at its meeting in September next Judge Pryor will, for the second time, become Chief Justice.

—John A. Brown, one of the most desperate of Georgia's moonshiners, has been killed by a party of revenue officials. He had served a term of two years in the Albany (N. Y.) penitentiary for moonshining.

—The Lake Shore railroad strike at Chicago appears to be at an end, owing to the persuasive eloquence of Winchester rifles and Pinkerton's police, a very proper way to end one so outrageous in its conception.

—At Windsor, N. C., Jas. N. Basemore and his son, Stone Basemore, quarreled, as the result of which the son fired both barrels of a shotgun, loaded with buckshot, at his father, inflicting wounds from which he will die. The murderer broke open a safe, took \$800, and fled.

—Samuel Thomas was elected President of the East Tennessee, Virginia & Georgia; Henry Fink, Vice-President and Controllor of Traffic; James G. Mitchell, Secretary and Treasurer. No changes will be made in any of the departments. The headquarters of the company will still remain in Knoxville.

—A statement of the effect of the Randall tariff bill upon the revenue has been prepared, which shows the reduction resulting from the internal revenue provisions to be about \$26,000,000, from additions to the free list about \$1,500,000, and from reduction of rates \$7,000,000. Total about \$35,000,000.—[Ex.]

—Senator Riddleberger has introduced a bill that provides that the United States buy all the railroads, telegraph lines and telephones in the country and operate them in the interest of the people, at the lowest rate that will keep the properties in repair and pay salaries and wages. The bill appropriates \$400,000,000 to begin operations upon.

—Mr. John W. Yerkes, candidate for Judge of the Superior Court, is a partisan republican, named for the position which he seeks by the State Central Committee of the republican party. He is as much the republican nominee as Mr. Barbour is the democratic nominee and no jugglery of words or facts can deceive anybody.—[Louisville Times.]

—Rev. Robert Quarles, a colored minister of the Baptist church at this place, has skipped out, having been charged with an attempt to rape a thirteen-year-old daughter of a brother of the same church, Rev. D. W. Seals. Quarles was expelled from the church Sunday. He leaves a wife and two children behind.—[Georgetown Times.]

—A meeting of all the music teachers of the State of Kentucky will be held at Lexington August 4, 5 and 6. The best teachers of the State have promised to attend, and will deliver essays, discussions and concerts. All the railroads will furnish return tickets at one-third the regular rates. The Phoenix Hotel at Lexington will be headquarters for the association. All teachers intending to attend will please notify the secretary pro tem, Mr. L. H. Neal, at Lexington.

—A Washington paper published the number of bills introduced by each member this session. The number runs from 1 to 105. Thirty would probably be the average of the Kentucky delegation. Mail introduced 98, Tailbee 78, McCreary 70, Willis 68, Breckinridge 58, Laffoon 58, Robertson 45, Stone 41, Wadsworth 22, Wolford 16, Carlisle none. The total number of bills introduced since the session opened is 96,542. Already 3,108 bills have been considered by the committees and reported to the House. In both sessions of the Forty-eighth Congress only 2,606 were acted upon.

—*Mr. VERNON, ROCKCASTLE COUNTY.*

—A Base Ball club has been organized. Some of the surrounding towns my expect a challenge soon.

—J. G. Livingston is conducting a very interesting meeting at Gun Sulphur. The additions to the church up to yesterday were 17.

—Dee Albright, formerly of this county, but now a resident of Barbourville, is to marry Miss Annie Casto, of that place, the 6th of July.

—Mr. W. A. Hoekins, of Boyle county, procured license yesterday to marry Miss Patti Woodall, of Brodhead. She has been badly afflicted for a number of years; she has to use crutches to assist her in walking.

—The trial of Jeff and George Huff and W. H. Albright, for Ku-Kluxing, was called Tuesday. They waived an examination and were held over till circuit court in a bond of \$500 each. They gave the required bond.

—The names of the teachers who obtained four years certificates at the examination are: Will Cress, Sam Lewis, Miss Staples and Miss Towney. The three latter were pupils of Miss Alma Carson, principal of the Brodhead Academy.

—William Williams, of Round Stone, has announced himself a candidate for sheriff of the county on the democratic ticket. The democrats of the county will not support Mr. Williams, as he was persuaded to run by the nominees of the republican party for sheriff. Then he has not the qualifications to fill the office. It is thought doubtful if he was elected about his giving bond.

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—Masked men visited the home of Joe Ramsey, who lived near Mt. Vernon, a few nights since, and after seriously beating both Ramsey and his wife, the brutal regulators commanded them to leave the county. Ramsey tried to sell his property so that he could get away, but failing to find a purchaser he went and hanged himself and was found almost eaten up by the hogs, his body having pulled away from his head and fallen to the ground. At the time of the beating his son was lying in the bed, but was afraid to move, with a man standing close by him all the time with a gun. Mr. Ramsey was sick at the time, and had been since last fall. He was in town next morning, but did not tell it. He only stayed a short time and went back home. His family said he seemed to be scared and they couldn't get him to sleep in the house. They carried bed clothes to a cliff near by and he slept there Saturday night and Sunday night. On Monday evening he told his family he was going to a neighbor's close by and stay all night and next morning—Tuesday—he would start to his brother's in Tennessee, and told his son to meet him in Mt. Vernon. He was never seen by anybody after that. His family looked around and inquired for him, but could hear nothing of him and came to the conclusion he had gone to Tennessee on foot. There is a great deal of excitement through the county about it. Some think there was foul play; that he did not hang himself, that some one else did it. There have been men seen in the woods near by that hid behind trees before they could be recognized. Then his hands and feet were tied together, but not very closely. Even if he did hang himself the men who whipped him are just as guilty as they had done it, for they were indirectly the cause of it. They had nothing to whip him for, as everybody who knew him says he was an honest and innocent man. They all say they recognized one of the crowd as being Tom Hayes. A writ has

been sworn out by Joe Ramsey's wife for Hayes. He was tried before Judge Lear and held over till circuit court in a bond of \$300. It was just two weeks from the time he left home till he was found. He was hung with white walnut bark. The hogs and worms had devoured his body.

—*A Transcontinental Balloon Voyage.*

The largest balloon in the world has recently been built in San Francisco by Mr. A. P. Van Tassel. It has a capacity of 150,000 cubic feet of gas and has been constructed for the special purpose of enabling the well-known aeronaut to undertake a journey across the continent, from ocean to ocean. The height from the floor of the wicker car to the top of the gas reservoir is 119, and of the dilated reservoir alone 68 feet. The envelope is made of finely woven cloth, manufactured expressly for the purpose and is varnished, as usual, to make it gas tight. The car has accommodations for 15 persons. It is about 21 feet in circumference and the sides are 34 inches high. The supporting ropes are kept in place by the usual "concentrics." Hydrogen gas will be used for inflating the balloon. The cost of the structure is stated to be \$6,000. Mr. Van Tassel has had considerable experience in aerial traveling, having crossed the Wichita Mountains, 15,000 feet above sea level. His present attempt is more ambitious than any that he has yet made. A careful study of the aerial currents leads him to believe that by seeking the proper stratum of air he can be carried eastward at a high rate of speed, possibly 100 miles an hour. The greatest difficulty will probably be due to the Rocky Mountains, which modify the movements of the air currents over a large area of the continent. It is expected that the voyage will begin some time about the 1st of July. Should it survive the trip the giant balloon will be taken back to San Francisco, where it will be placed on exhibition.

—*There was a social gathering at the Yerger mansion. The crowd was pretty jolly. They were playing the game of forfeits with kisses as forfeits. The question arose whether kissing was in the nature of pleasure or work. An old bachelor maintained that it was in the nature of work. At last it was decided to call up Sam Johnning, the colored servant, and have him decide the question.*

—*"Is kissing pleasure or work, Sam?" asked Mrs. Yerger.*

—*"I believe it must be a pleasure, for if it was work you all would be a-spectin' me to do it for you," responded the darky.—[Texas Sittings.]*

—*"I am far away from any town out here," said the General, "and I do not hear from the outside world, save through the newspapers. I have been reading the letters of Gov. Knott and Judge Durham with considerable interest. I really think that Gov. Knott's administration has received too much abuse. He has been chiefly blamed for getting convicted to work in the coal mines. This was not his fault. The Legislature made the law and ordered Gov. Knott to execute it. Gov. Knott is a man of ability, and I think that as Governor he has done well."—[Interview with Gen. Buckner.]*

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**Of the Best Makes.**

**CHEAPEST AND BEST**

**FLAVORING EXTRACTS.**

**SEVERAL GRADES OF SUGAR**

**For the Berry Season.**

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**JOE F. WATERS.**

**TERMS CASH.**

**THOMAS B. RANNEY.**

**WATERS & RANEY**  
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**TERMS CASH**

Stanford, Ky., July 2, 1886

E. C. WALTON, - Business Manager.

L. & N. LOCAL TIME CARD.

Mail train going North 1 M. P. M.  
" South 12 15 P. M.  
Express train " South 1 25 A. M.  
" North 2 18 A. M.  
Time is calculated on standard time. Solar  
met about 20 minutes faster.

LOCAL NOTICES.

LAWRENTH'S garden seed in bulk and  
packaged at Penny & McAlister's.

WATCHES and Jewelry repaired on short  
notice and warranted by Penny & McAlister.

BUY THE HAM HOG REMEDY, the  
original and only genuine, from Penny & McAlister.

A COMPLETE stock of jewelry, latest  
style, Rockford watches a specialty. Penny & McAlister.

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He reports the institution in a prosperous  
condition, able to pay its semi-annual divi-  
dend of 3 per cent. and carry a nice sum to  
surplus.

LOCAL MATTERS.

SELF SEALING fruit jars. Waters & Raney.

BANANAS cheaper than ever at 8. S.  
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This is, comparatively speaking, something  
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Oils for Mowers, Reaper and other  
harvesting machinery at McRoberts &  
Stagg's.

THE Kentucky Central will sell round-  
trip tickets at one fare between all stations  
from July 2 to 5, good until the 6th.

DEATH.—On consumption on Tuesday  
last, Miss Ora Hale, daughter of J. R. Hale,  
aged about 25 years. The remains were in-  
terred at Rush Branch Church.

SEMI-ANNUAL settling time is upon us  
again and if every one would make a special  
effort to pay up his indebtedness, it  
would make times better all around.

JUNIOR JNO. M. PHILIPS offers his house  
and lot for sale, with a view of going West  
if he dispose of it. We hope, however, he  
will change his notion as to removing from  
us.

REMEMBER the Kirkville Fair dates,  
July 23 and 24. The premiums will be more  
liberal than those last year and nothing  
will be left undone to make it one of the  
best fairs in Kentucky.

FINGERS CUT OFF.—John Lingensfeier,  
son of the Mrs. G. W. Lingensfeier, late  
of this county, whose husband was killed  
by the cars, had two of his fingers mashed  
off while coupling cars at the Short Line  
Junction.

We have it on pretty good authority that  
Mr. J. F. Edmiston has decided not to run  
for jailer, but Mr. E. B. Caldwell says he  
will do so to give a report, in this la-  
tter. He had just returned from the East-  
ern portion of the State and expressed him-  
self greatly encouraged at his prospects for  
success.

THE Merry Social Club held its first  
meeting with Misses Mattie and Maggie  
and Mr. J. S. Owlesley, Jr., at Hon. John S.  
Owlesley's Wednesday night, when some  
twenty or more couples of young ladies and  
gentlemen enjoyed themselves in a truly  
delightful manner till midnight. The  
supper was a very elegant one and was dis-  
cussed at length and with a hearty relish.  
The next meeting will be with Miss Kate  
Hall next Wednesday night.

The wheat is about all harvested in this  
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would have been thought, considering the  
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THE unusually cold snap has had a bad  
effect on the watering places and none of  
them can brag of a crowd now. Superin-  
tendent J. C. King of Crab Orchard Springs  
reports about 20 regular boarders, in addi-  
tion to quite a number of persons drawn  
thither by the meeting of the College Asso-  
ciation.

PROF. H. K. TAYLOR, candidate for Su-  
perintendent of Public Instruction, spoke  
here last night on "Kentucky's Problem,"  
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MARRIAGES.

— Mr. Willis Stringer and Miss Sallie B.  
Daugherty, daughter of Nathan Daugherty,  
were married on the 29th.

— Mr. Renben Weil, Second Assistant  
to the President of the Louisville & Nash-  
ville railroad, was married to Mrs. Eliza S.  
Duncan at Louisville, yesterday.

— At 4 o'clock Wednesday afternoon Mr.  
Samuel Cochran led to the marriage altar  
Miss Mary J. Newland, a very accom-  
plished, handsome and worthy young lady. The  
ceremony occurred at Mr. A. D. Newland's  
and was said by Rev. C. C. Green, in the  
presence of a number of friends and relatives.  
We extend our best wishes.

— "Hell hath no fury like a woman  
scorned." At the marriage of Reason  
Stampier to Hattie Dinkens at Ashland,  
Fannie Pies, a former sweetheart of the  
groom, appeared on the scene with a .38  
calibre pistol and attempted to kill him.  
Being disarmed, she accused Stampier of  
murder committed two years ago and the  
young married man will likely spend his  
honeymoon in court.

— LAND, STOCK AND CROP.

— Plenty of good pasture for cattle. Ap-  
plicable to Maj. King, Box 136, Stanford, Ky.

— During the past year 41,000,000  
pounds of tobacco were sold in Danville,  
Va.

— P. F. Nunnelly shipped to Cincinnati  
Wednesday a car-load of 225 lb. hogs, for  
which he paid 3¢.

— Appleton & Hamilton's flouring mill  
at Falmouth were destroyed by fire Wed-  
nesday; loss \$20,000.

— J. K. Lake's farm of 220 acres near  
Cynthiana was sold by the commissioner  
Monday at \$100 50 per acre.

— A Chicago estimate of the wheat crop  
puts it at 60,000,000 bushels, three times  
as much as that of last year.

— Farmers in Woodford county are dis-  
couraged at offers of 65 cents per bushel  
for their wheat and 45 cents for barley.

— Cattle are steady in Louisville at 2¢ to  
5 10; hogs at 3¢ to 4¢; sheep and lambs  
steady at 1¢ to 3¢ for former and 3 to  
5¢ for latter.

— J. J. Judy bought 2 car-loads of fat  
cattle at J. W. Bean at 6¢, averaging 1,000  
pounds and extra fine; July 1st delivery.—  
Paris Kentuckian.

— Dick Moore, of Bonbow county, gathered  
180 bushels of blue grass seed from  
eight acres of land, or 22¢ bushels to the  
acre. The man who gabbles lager beer,  
shall never have my ear.

— WINCHESTER.—About 500 cattle on  
the market

## A BRIDE'S ELOPEMENT.

The wedding went off beautifully. There were triumphant arches, rejoicing tenantry, and school children scattering flowers. The bride looked as charming as sweet seventeen can look when it tries its best, and considering that she, so to speak, stepped out of the school-room into the church, carried herself with commendable self-possession. As for the bridegroom, he went through the ordeal like a soldier and a man, and looked, according to the doctor's daughter, "heavenly." Not the least satisfied member of the wedding party was the bride's brother Joey. "The girls must look slippery after husbands in these hard times," had been that young man's remark a year before. Spurred on by parental murmurings at empty farms and no rents, Joey had suggested a reduction in the home establishment instead of his substantial but inadequate allowance. The establishment did not quite see it. But Joey was firm. The girls must marry, and one of them, as all could not, must marry Geoffrey Fitzjohnson. He was in every way eligible: young, good-looking, well-off, in a snug berth at the foreign office, and heir to several rich and sedate relatives, unlikely to commit the indiscretions, matrimonial and otherwise, of modern old age. So Capt. Fitzjohnson was asked down to Mumblethorpe, passed over five charming aspirants to his hand and heart, and threw the hamper-like to the shock-headed young person who sent a pot of mush within an inch of his devoted head, craning out of the schoolroom window, on the evening of his arrival to catch a glimpse of "Joey's chum." It was rather a blow to Joey, his "chum" walking off with his favorite sister, but he bore it philosophically. He had always intended to exercise a particular care over Florence's interests when she came out and he was not prepared for the young lady going off so prematurely. However, the Fitzjohnsons would live in London, and as Joey was at the foreign office and in rooms in Bury street, he could still keep an eye on his sister and see that she held her own in the "smart set" of which her husband was so popular a member. Joey was ten years older than Florrie, and had the majestic carriage and law-giving proclivities of a man about town. He was what is known as "a great institution," which means that he was invaluable in a snow-bound country-house. He could tell first-rate and first-hand ghost stories, and could pass the severest examination in Debrett. He was a pillar of strength in private theatricals, and could imitate the divine Sarah to the life. He knew all the latest gossip and could tell it without seeming ill-natured. In short, Joey was that rare avis, a social success.

A happy couple than the Fitzjohnsons when they first came to Curzon street could not be imagined. It was only when Capt. Fitzjohnson settled down in his new house and his old set that he made the discovery that he had won his wife's heart as well as her hand. During the courtship and honeymoon the disposition of that important factor in matrimonial happiness had been doubtful. Florrie, tanned, chafed, and commanded her husband in a way that to such a conquering hero was both novel and provoking. Capt. Fitzjohnson had, however, learned strategy elsewhere than at Woolwich. The morning after the arrival in London the wily young man left his wife in her boudoir—the latest fibing in boudoirs, executed under Joey's supervision—wondering dimly how she should kill the time until 8 o'clock in the evening, when she was told she might look forward to seeing her lord and master again. It was something more than to fetch a forgotten cigarette case that made Capt. Fitzjohnson retrace his steps on arriving at the foot of the stairs. His instinct had not deceived him. The fortress had capitulated.

"I love you so, Geoffrey," sobbed the poor little wife with her head on her husband's shoulder; and Geoffrey, as he strolled down the street, having promised to be back by luncheon time, hummed "Rule, Britannia" in triumphant sotto voce. The victory won, the victor, as he had a perfect right to do, rested upon his laurels; but he need not have given up so suddenly the reverential worship of the lover and assumed so instantly the condescending tolerance of the husband. It was unkind of him when he came home just in time to dress for dinner, after having been at the club all the afternoon, to plunge into that horrid French novel with a satisfied grunt, and barely vouchsafe his wife a word. It was downright rude of him when she leaned over his chair and stroked his hair to snarl out savagely, "For heaven's sake, Florrie, don't paw me about like that. I don't like it;" and it was positively brutal, after treating her in such a way, to scold her all dinner-time for being depressed. But so it was. The Fitzjohnson family ark, pretty little vessel as it was, with its fresh paint and dainty furniture, had drifted into the current which, sooner or later, must land it upon the rocks. Geoffrey, blinded by selfish vanity, became bored with his wife's well-meant but ineffectual efforts to please her "much-changed lord." Her lavish affection, varied only by ill-concealed and sometimes tearful dependency, irritated him and made him more bearish than ever. It was the old story. Things went from bad to worse. At last the first cruel rock loomed in the distance and shipwreck seemed imminent. Lady Angelica Lansell was, so she said, a very old friend of Geoffrey's. "I knew him, when he was quite a boy—such a nice boy," she told Florrie the afternoon she made her first call in Curzon street. She was a wonderful and Ouidah-like personage, of the Cleopatra type of beauty, lithe and serpentine, with a voice that could coo like a dove or hiss like a serpent at will. She used a peculiar kind of scent that hung about the room long after she had left it. She was mysteriously fascinating, and Florrie detested her. This was a great grievance of Geoffrey's, who was blind to the pearl powder and impervious to the scent. "Angelica" he called her. Angelica "was a charming woman—most valuable friend." Was it not common knowledge that cabinet ministers met as often in her rose-lit drawing-room as at Downing street—that she had a finger in every diplomatic pie—that her statesmanship had brought about a royal marriage and averted a European war? Even Joey admitted that she was an unavoidable necessity. Her smile or frown could make or mar a man. If the last, anxious over-hope to be anything they met cultivate Angelica. So Florrie had to submit, but not even the husband she adored could make her more than decently civil to the enchantress with the cruel smile, who called Geoffrey "Geoff," and who was always sending him mysterious little notes about goodness only knew what, for Florrie was never told their contents.

"The silly little fool is jealous," laughed her ladyship to herself as she sat in a corner, aloof from the "maiden crowd" of a foreign office crush, pretending to listen to Geoffrey's earnest conversation and watching, with interest and amusement, his wife trying to keep an eye on her husband and, at the same time, respond coherently to the civilities of a volatile attack.

"I'll teach her a lesson," muttered the sullen, with an angry glitter in her dusky eyes, as for the twelfth time, a pale, distressed face, with appealing eyes, was turned toward the oblivious husband. Accordingly when, for the thirteenth time, the

melancholy operation was repeated, the distress on the pale face gave place to horror, and the eyes were fixed and blank as they saw Lady Angelica, with her most entrancing smile, place her hand, for a moment, caressing on Geoffrey's arm; only for a moment, because it was instantly grasped by both of his.

"My dear old girl! What is the matter? Are you 'sedy'?" exclaimed Joey, as he ploughed through the crowd to his sister's side.

"Come to-morrow, as soon as Geoffrey has gone. I want to talk to you," whispered Florrie, brokenly, as her brother deposited her safely at her own door.

Next morning brother and sister had a long confabulation, during which Joey tugged hard at his phantom mustache, and Florrie blew her nose very often. The result seemed hardly satisfactory, for Joey departed, remarking that it was the "very deuce," and Florrie sat looking into the fire until it went out in self-defense. However, at dinner that evening there was a marked improvement in Mrs. Fitzjohnson's spirits; indeed, so hilariously cheerful did she become that Geoffrey acclimated to a dead level of depression, felt inclined to resent the rise in the domestic barometer. The rise was a steady one. Next morning, when the slave ought to have been in close attendance on her master, cutting the end of his cigar, filling his match box, and meekly receiving the orders for the day, she was playing a polka on the piano, and actually forgot to wish the great man good-bye. On and off during the day Geoffrey found himself pondering on the alteration in his wife. It was, of course, a bore to have her following him about looking like a whipped dog; but, after all, that was a fault on the right side, and showed that she appreciated her position as his wife. It was a sign of proper, if excessive, subjection; but to sit playing a polka when the hair brush was mislaid was an unheard-of dereliction of duty. Geoffrey returned home exactly half an hour earlier to administer a carefully prepared lecture to the culprit, only to find that she had gone to the Gaiety with Joey. The solitary dinner with no one to cold was a dismal experience, and Geoffrey felt distinctly aggrieved. Next day things were no better. Florrie was in tearing spirits, received the deferred lecture with ribald laughter, dismissed his theories of wifely duty as "hooch," and had the audacity to refer him to Lady Angelica, who, no doubt, was an authority on that subject as well as every other. Geoffrey was very moody all that day. The men at the club voted him slow, and Lady Angelica called him a bore to his face. It was very annoying, but he was obliged to admit to himself that his triumph over the subjugation of his wife had been a little premature. The process must be continued, and one great element in its final success was, he told himself with secret glee, the fact that, unless she had suddenly and unaccountably altered, she loved him to distraction. As that evening he walked up Curzon street, it was this thought that made him prepared to be very gracious and as lenient as he consistently could be toward any little excess of youthful spirits. A sharp struggle with the latch key was cut short by the butler opening the door to let a visitor out. The occurrence so late in the afternoon was strange, and the appearance of the visitor so singular that Geoffrey stared at the partition in unfeigned surprise. His for the visitor was a man's face, was partially concealed by a slouch hat. What there was to be seen appeared to be of an olive hue and adorned with a sweeping black mustache. Inkly locks hung in profusion down almost to his shoulders, and the rest of the body was concealed in a cloak that would have made the fortune of any melodrama. On the stage Mrs. Fitzjohnson's visitor would have been in his element. In Curzon street he was apparently not; for, with an oath—or at least some foreign exclamation that sounded to Geoffrey rather like "pickled onions"—he gave a swift glance at the astonished captain, ran down the steps, and disappeared in the gathering gloom.

"Who the dickens is that, Squares?" The gentleman did not give his name, sir. He said as how Mrs. Fitzjohnson would know who he was, and I need not announce him." Squares spoke in a tone of respectful indignation at this outrage on the conveniences. Geoffrey kept his presence of mind.

"Oh, of course, I had forgotten. I had forgotten. What time did the gentleman come? (This as an after-thought while ascending the stairs.)

"At half-past four, sir."

"Half-past four? And it was now half-past seven."

"Did any one else call this afternoon?"

"Yes, sir; but after the gentleman came Mrs. Fitzjohnson told me to say 'Not at home' to any other visitors."

Geoffrey did not wait to hear any more, but dashed into the drawing room. He had expected to find his wife the victim of an assassin's knife. On the contrary, she was at that ornate piano, playing a dreamy sonata of Rubinstein's. On his entering the room she half rose, but on seeing who it was she resumed her seat, exclaiming, "Oh, it's only you!"

"Whom did you think it was? That Guy Fawkes back again? Who, may I ask, is he; and what was he here from half-past four till now for, to the exclusion of everybody else?"

Geoffrey was gradually working himself up into a passion. Florrie made no attempt to calm him, but smiled faintly and struck a few aggravating chords on the piano.

"If you really care to know, that 'Guy Fawkes' as you are pleased to call him, is Count Sparlatti, an old Dresden friend of Joey's. He is an Italian, and when Joey came back from Dresden the count came with him to learn English. He was always at Mumblethorpe. Ah, me! (another plaintive chord) what happy days those were. And what fun we had! The count was my sweetheath then."

"Why, you were only 9 years old!"

"That's all!" (another still more plaintive chord.)

"Don't be a fool, Florrie." The passion had died out and the lecturing mood taken its place. "You are 19 now, and quite old enough to know that it is not proper to have men staying three hours tête-à-tête with you, and to tell the servants you are at home to no one else. Do you understand?"

"No, I don't; the blue eyes opened their widest. "I thought it was the 'chile' thing to do. Of course at Mumblethorpe they would be awfully shocked, but then they are so old-fashioned. They even have family prayers. But since I have been married I have gained experience. I have seen several charming women." Lady Angelica for instance. Could you wish me to take a better model? Hence if any one notices my friendship with count Sparlatti you can tell them that I know him when he was 'quite a boy—a nice boy.' I may soon become so 'charming' that I can make love in public—smile in the 'nice boy's' face, put my hand on his arm for him to clasp in his. Only this sort of thing requires practice, so you must not think it strange if I have a few private rehearsals when I am not at home to the world at large."

"How dare you speak like this?"

"Oh, you don't know how much I dare."

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when I am put to it." But the defiant little laugh ended in a sob and the dauntless nurse ran out of the room.

Geoffrey gnawed his mustache, fumed about the room, resisted, as unmanly, an impulse to run after his wife, kiss away her tears, and implore her to only be charming on the old Mumblethorpe lines, and finally decided to confine his troubles that very evening to Lady Angelica.

From that fair oracle he received but very cold comfort. "My dear Geoff, it serves you well right. You thought because she had given you all her heart you were warranted in neglecting her. So like a man. Mr. Lansell was just the same. Now she is consoling herself. Quite right. I had no idea she had so much sense. I admire her. Do you think she would dine with me on the fifteenth? By the bye, if the necessity should arise, let me recommend you my solicitors. They managed Mr. Lansell's and my affair beautifully. My husband's message sound almost affectionate when they come to me through the senior partner." He said. "Has it really come to this? Not married a year and solicited on the table already! Lady Angelica gave a steady glance under her eyelashes at her downcast companion. She had a heart though no one suspected it. "Look here, Geoff. Be a man. Go home and tell your wife that you mean to turn over a new leaf, and not take all her devotion for granted, but try and earn it. Clear up the mystery of your 'nods and becks and wretched smiles.' Explain to her that the tender little episode at the foreign office was only gratitude on your part for having promised to speak to the duke about that staff appointment with which you wanted to surprise her, and see what stuff she was made of. Tell her I have repented in sackcloth and ashes and have sent you back to her with a flea in your ear, and the staff appointment in your pocket. Tell her that she is better off than I. If her husband has neglected her, she still loves her, while I—"

"God bless her, Angelica."

"Don't be silly. Now be off. Aha, Counte! Enchante de vous voir. N'avez pas entendu des nouvelles?"

Geoffrey walked home under the stars, a happy man. He had been a brute and a fool, he told himself severely. It was lucky things were no worse. After all, if winning his wife's heart the second time was half as pleasant a process as the first, the penance for past neglect was a light one. It was striking how he let himself into the dark hell. The darkness was unusual; for Squares always left the gas burning for his master to put out his match box was always out, but there might be a stray light in the pocket of his inverness. To the solemn ticking of the hall clock the search commenced. It ended prematurely in the sudden opening of the drawing-room door and the flooding of the landing at the top of the stairs with light. One was still up. Might it not be Florrie waiting for him? Geoffrey walked quickly to the foot of the stairs, but stopped with one foot on the lowest step, as it turned to stone. It was Florrie—and some one else—engaged in rapid, breathless conversation.

"Delay no longer—amis. He may be back at any moment."

"Oh, lug! I dare not. If we should meet him, he would kill you."

"Vien! Vien!"

Geoffrey steadied himself by the banister and waited. Then, shown up by the surrounding darkness as a tableau vivant, there appeared on the landing his wife, hooded and cloaked, looking fearfully out into the dark abyss before her and clinging convulsively to the arm of the Italian—Count Sparlatti. There was a yell, a shriek, and an oath as Geoffrey bounded up the stairs and seized the intruder by the cloak, just as he endeavored to retreat into the drawing-room. The yell was a broken English rendering of "Uff—uff—a go." The shriek found expression in "Luigi! Luigi!" and the oath was—well, never mind what. The chase and struggle was desparate. The count, who had left his cloak in his assailant's hand, cleared ottomans and chairs with astounding agility. Mrs. Fitzjohnson's heroics had degenerated into hysterics, to judge from the peals of laughter with which she greeted the count's desperate efforts to escape. At last he was cornered, hissing and scratching like an enraged tomcat. "Oh, Geoffrey, be careful! Be careful! His beautiful hair!" for the infuriated husband had hold of a handful of the Italian's matted locks. The warning came too late. There was a tug, a groan, and lo and behold, not only a handful, but a whole head of raven tresses remained in the victor's grasp. The flowing mustache came next.

"A very good joke, Joey, my boy," gasped Geoffrey faintly.

"Oh, Joey, water-brandy! He is not well. We carried it out far. I told you we ought not to do it. It's all your fault," scolded Florrie with all a woman's treachery, and her arms round her still dazed husband's neck, and calling him all the names of the honeymoon.

"I think my plan was a success though," said Joey, as he wished his sister good-night with the relit gas.

"I think it was," said Florrie with a happy laugh, "but no one must ever know about it."

And no one ever did, except one person; but then she knew everything.

"That's a very clever boy, Joey," inused Lady Angelica over her morning cigarette. "I must see what can be done for him."

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